

smile and mutter and glare at you! They would hurt you, if they could; but they know better than to come near you while Thomas Craige is about. You see they fear me because I am the only one in this whole building who is not mad. There, put your soft little hand in mine—don't mind if I do clasp it closely! I love to have little girls' hands in mine—it seems to do me so much good! Don't shrink from me because those poor, mumbling creatures look at you so wildly. I say they can't harm you, for observe when I look at them sharply, how they slink into the corners! There, watch that lean fellow who is twisting his bony hands inside out at the window! I'll tell you why he was brought to this asylum (for this is an asylum, little girl, but those poor foolish fellows don't know it). O, how he rams here! Yes, I was almost forgetting; for I do forget a great deal sometimes—a great deal! Well, he was a tailor, and his wife died and he went mad, and the doctors sent him here; and there he stands, for hours together, looking out into that nice garden beyond, and straining his poor hands—twisting the fingers in and out. I was always sorry for him until I found out he was a tailor, and then I hated him. I always did hate tailors! What business had a tailor to be crazed when his wife died?—the insolent! Did I crush your hand? Bless you, little girl, I did not know it! There, there, darling! I will not talk so fast again, and will not forget myself any more!

"Who is that pale gentleman who sits there all alone, and is always smiling? O, nobody, my child! he is not even respected as a maniac. Only a poet—a crack-brained fellow who spends his whole time in winter in blowing upon the glass and tracing verses over the misty surface with his pointed finger-nails. None of his fellow-lodgers would notice him at all, were it not that he is of a good family; and good families, you know, must be respected even in a mad-house. But there is Green! Is it not laughable to see how woful he looks? Let me whisper to you, little girl! He was put in here because he went mad for love—love, mind you! And he has such a strange humor in his madness, that he takes delight in taunting me with being mad—see! ha, ha!—and crazy for love, little girl. Me, the keeper of this Bedlam, mad! Ha, ha! Do I frighten you? Well, don't take away your fat little hand, and I will tell you Green's story even while he is looking at us so keenly; and do you smile, little girl! for then your little angel's face seems to make my heart beat less wildly, and— But I will tell you Green's story; and O, I am a famous story-teller!

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(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MADMAN'S STORY.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

"Come nearer to me, little girl! Do not be afraid. Let me whisper something to you. Come closer—there! These men you see standing about here are all crazy; see how they

"In a sweet little valley in Pennsylvania, dwelt Major Russell, his wife and daughter—who was always called Belle Russell; but, little girl, you know Belle wasn't her name—only the people called her so because she was so very handsome. Ruth her name was, and some called her Ruthie. Major Russell was a great lawyer, and in all the big cases, conflicts with railroads and banks, and other large corporations, he was retained as counsel—that is, you know, being paid by one party in the suit to fight (in law only, little girl,) against the other side.

"At the time I tell you of, Green was a youth about twenty years of age, and was a clerk in Major Russell's office in Blithevale. He was handsome then, tall, finely formed, black curling hair, large, fine eyes whose deep expression softened down a good deal, it seemed to me, the rich bright color upon his cheeks. A little different figure—was he not, little girl?—from that shambling idiot opposite, who watches us with his steady, insulting glance. But never mind, I must laugh a little to myself as I think of Green then—happy, handsome and young—and watch the poor fellow opposite, haggard, shrunken and old.

"Thomas Green was a good, steady and valuable clerk to Major Russell; but he was no more fit to be a lawyer, my child, than you are to be a horse jockey. His heart was as soft as a woman's; and many a poor creature came out from the major's private office in Blithevale looking careworn, disappointed and sad, who was stopped by Thomas Green in the front office and relieved from their troubles by the kind-hearted clerk.

"He was a dreaming fellow too—was this clerk; he would sit at his desk by the little window for hours together, sometimes, and while his pen would be poised over the parchment ready to commence a deed, or draw up an indenture, the pen would never touch the clean sheet, but the young man would be forgetting the office, and dreaming strange dreams. No, I do not mean that he would go to sleep—no, no, little girl! for he would never close his eyes, but he would be looking out upon the beautiful valley, upon the thick pines in the distance, which covered the side of the mountain with their beautiful dark green, and which crept up to the very highest points and made a regular line of the rich color against the clear blue sky beyond. And he would watch and strain his eyes way over the hills, to catch the beauties of the sun as it played pranks with the distant country—first making the rich fields look golden and full of shimmering light, then allowing the clouds to

obscure the orb, and the creeping shadows to advance over the broad pastures and cover them up with a mystic, bluish haze which seemed to confine much of the softened sunlight underneath a few stray beams which had not time to escape—and he would watch all this till the shadows would creep away again, and old Sol (that's the sun, you know, little girl, and not the poor fellow over there who attends to our bagatelle table) would brighten everything up and chase the misty haze into the dark woods.

"Then up to the sky he would turn his gaze, and fancy all sorts of strange things in the clouds. The fleecy mountains moving in the heavens were hosts of horses, and they were mounted by huge giants; and when the sun would rim the edges of the clouds with gold, he would fancy the warriors had on glittering armor. And then they would rush to battle, and when the wind blew more strongly, he could hear the hollow echoes of the artillery; those huge castles were destroyed, and men and horses were tumbling about together; then 'all would disappear, and the same mild blue of heaven, quiet and calm, would be in place of the rushing legions and the quaint castles; then he would forget all about the sky and fields, and the beautiful silvery stream which wound at the base of the high hills, although his eyes would be looking at them. (They only seemed to be looking that way, my child; but he didn't see a thing there, I know, for his mind was in Major Russell's house, and he was looking at sweet Ruthie Russell; he could see her plainly, you know, because she was always in his mind.)

"After some such thoughts as these, young Green would rouse up quick-like, as though something had suddenly hurt him, look at the antouched parchment before him, and commence the '*Know all men by these presents*,' as though he had never thought of anything but briefs, replies, quitclaims, reversions and exactions, all the days of his life. But—Fugh! why do I talk of these things as though you could understand them, my dear? And now stand a little before me, so that Green cannot see me so plainly; it makes me shiver to bave his cold eyes right upon me. There! now I will tell you the rest without delay. Poor Green! poor fellow!

"It was a pleasant evening in June (but remember, little girl, many long, long years ago), when Ruthie Russell and Thomas Green walked out from the major's house in Blithevale to see old Miss Fawcett (a relative of Mrs. Russell's), who was lying quite ill at her nephew's, about two miles from the village. Now Miss Russell

had plenty of beaux who would have been glad to have accompanied her, this beautiful evening, but Green was on a familiar footing in the house of Major Russell, and so he went with his daughter to see their suffering relative.

"It was after seven o'clock, when they started upon their return to Blithedale. The evening was delicious; the air was redolent with the perfumes which the many wild flowers throw out at this soft hour in summer—it seeming as if the evening dews are heavy enough in falling to press out their sweetness, which the zephyrs carry along, permeating the high roads, the leafy lanes, lonely nooks, and to those consecrated groves where lovers hold their tryst. The birds had ceased their wrangling, as Ruth and Thomas walked towards home, excepting now and then a faint twitter from the swallows who had not yet settled into silence, or the lonely cry of the whippoorwill which disturbed the universal stillness.

"Ruth Russell leaned upon the arm of Thomas Green, while he, poor fellow, thought that Heaven could afford mortals no greater joys than he was then possessed of in the company of her he loved. Neither spoke. It would have been better, had they never done so. They arrived at the little bridge which spanned the stream that murmured through the valley. Then Ruthie said:

"'Mr. Green, I think I must rest here awhile.'

"She sat upon the corner of the bridge. A large honey-locust was waving over her; the little stream was rippling quietly below. She looked as beautiful as an angel, as she rested there—the twilight flinging its shadows over her face, and tracing strange beauties upon every lineament. Every line was softened; her eyes were bent kindly upon her companion; her rich brow hair had escaped from its confinement, and was rolling down her neck a mass of ringlets; her light, natted shawl was thrown gracefully from her shoulders, and but half concealed her exquisitely moulded arms. I cannot tell you, little girl, what that man felt in those few moments—the giddy whirl of thoughts pent up so long, and which now must find utterance—I will only tell you what he did and said.

"He knelt down upon the grass before Ruthie, took both her soft fair hands in his (they were as velvety as yours, little one) and gazing up into her eyes, he spoke manfully, but softly:

"'Ruth Russell, I love you very dearly, I must tell you how what has been burning in my heart so long. I love the earth you walk upon; I love everything you look upon. You are as sacred to me as my God; I would give up all the pleasures of earth, all the ambitions of man, for

your sake. I would be capable of any suffering, any sacrifice, to give you one moment's joy. O, Ruth, I love you with my whole soul!'

"This was what he said to her, little girl, there under the waving locust, and near the singing stream. And she—what did she do or say? When he first began to speak, her form trembled and quivered like a leaf moved by mighty gusts; the hands he held, shook in his grasp; the quick blushes crimsoned her face and neck; the rosy clouds dyed her snowy cheeks, and many little loves and graces sprung to revel in the confusion, which added so many charms to her virgin beauty; but before he had finished, and while the light in her eyes grew softer, she disengaged one hand from his, and placing her arm around his neck, she drew his head towards her, and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead. He was answered, little girl. She loved him. Earth could surely have nothing more to give, or Heaven to bestow.

"But now I will give you the result of a different interview, my child. What makes me tremble so? O, it's nothing, dear—do not look so startled—or if it is anything, it must be Green! He seems to freeze me, standing there so like a statue. Hist! he may hear what I am saying to you, little girl, and he might spring upon us. There is no telling the moods of these madmen! O, it's a study—a great study! But so sad—so very sad! Do I sigh? Well, then, now I must relate the conversation between Major Russell and Green.

"The former sat in his capacious arm-chair in his library, a few evenings after Green's declaration to his daughter. Near him, sat Thomas Green. The major was a portly, benevolent-looking gentleman, but now seemed uneasy as the young man earnestly addressed him, and he was impatiently tapping a beautiful pearl paper-knife, which he held, upon the table, and seemed to be endeavoring to keep as much in the shade of the fine astral lamp as possible.

"'You see, sir,' spoke Green, 'I have acted fairly in this matter, and was determined to place the case before you in its true light.'

"'I am aware of it, my young friend. You did right to acquaint me with your declaration, and I now only feel grieved that you did not speak to me previous to Ruth—'

"'Surely, sir, there can be no impediment! It is true, I am not in a position to aspire to the hand of your daughter, as far as riches go; but, sir, you know my circumstances, and are aware that with the money which my father left to me, and my own brave exertions, I could support Ruth comfortably—'

"Yes, yes! I know," replied the lawyer, impatiently. "But there are other reasons, other obstacles, which you are not aware of—"

"For heaven's sake, Major Russell, do not tell me that there is any obstacle in the way of my marrying Ruth!"

"Poor boy! he had never thought of any other need than gaining her love. Although a lawyer's clerk, he had never dreamed of any monster, like Expediency, who might invade his happy bowers and carry off his love."

"You are too hasty now, Green," resumed Major Russell, after the impetuous words. "Listen to me! I will frankly state to you what no other man in Blitherville knows. You are aware that I have been concerned heavily in the Leechport mines, which have been paying me, until four months ago, a handsome income. We had been sinking another shaft, and erecting new machinery at a new opening, and is had exhausted all of the company's available capital to prosecute the work to its close. We accomplished our designs, but found, after working about a week in the new breasts, that we had struck a fault; and nothing has been brought forth since but slate and rubbish. We have still been working on, in hope that we should strike the coal. Our capital has been exhausted, mortgages have been given upon our machinery and rolling stock, and if we do not strike the coal in another month, I am bankrupt!"

"The young man was overwhelmed, and hid his face in his hands while Major Russell continued:

"But this is not the worst, for I owe George Hotchins nine thousand dollars, and have but one means of payment presented to me—"

"And that?" asked Green, looking over to the lawyer with a troubled, startled gaze.

"Is to bestow upon him my daughter's hand."

"What! to that scoundrel—that libertine Hotchins, you would sell your daughter?"

"No harsh words, if you please, my young friend. I have as yet but given you the proposition. I shall never force my daughter to marry against her will."

"Heaven help us both!" groaned Green; "for Ruth will never marry against yours."

"I believe she is too good a daughter. Now I have always looked upon you with favor, Thomas Green; and all things being equal, I should much have preferred you for a son-in-law. George Hotchins will wait two years for the hand of Ruth, or his money; and if I fail to give him either, I am both an insolvent and a beggar."

"And poor Ruth—does she know of this?"

"I told her of my wishes this evening," replied Russell, coldly.

"And what was her reply?"

"That question is irrelevant, as we lawyers say," evaded Russell, with a forced attempt at gaiety.

"But why this confidence?" asked Green, bitterly. "Do you, sir, only intend to add a fresh sting to your words, that you tell me of your embarrassments only to assert your intentions of throwing your daughter, for mercenary purposes, into the arms of a man whose name is only coupled with infamy?"

"Softly, young man!" said Major Russell, rising with dignity. "Remember I am Ruth's father, and have been your friend. You have forgotten this first; let me not regret I have ever been to you the last."

"O, pardon me! pardon me, sir! Your words have set my brain on fire. I know not what I say."

"Here I have a letter from your uncle, Thomas Green. He wishes you to go to South America as supercargo. The vessel sails in just one week from Philadelphia, I see," said Major Russell, taking the letter from his pocket and referring to it. "Apply to Green & Spenser, number 70, North Wharf. He guarantees you for your profit, six thousand dollars; and if you are willing to invest your capital from your father, he has no doubt but what you can double this. Now what I advise you is, that you accept. You will be gone perhaps two years; and I am willing to prove my friendship for you by making a promise—"

"A promise?" echoed Green, absently. His seemed like one in a dream.

"Yes; that Ruth shall not marry until your return."

"Thanks! thanks, my friend! To South America, anywhere, so that I may work for Ruth and win her at last! I accept at once. I will go to her, and tell her of this strange change; but G, my brain is whirling! and thick darkness seems to be settling over all things at this bitter, bitter separation."

"You will not see Ruth, Thomas. She has gone," said Major Russell, with more kindness in his tones; for he was affected by such grief as Green displayed.

"Gone?" repeated he. "Where?"

"I feared the sorrow of an interview for both of you, and I ordered her to be driven to her Aunt Mary's. She will write to you. You will find a letter in Philadelphia—"

"But even while he was speaking, a door

opened at his side, a figure glided noiselessly in, and in a moment Ruth was in her lover's arms.

"Ruth, why have you returned?" asked her father, sternly.

"O, father," answered the sobbing girl, "I could not leave him, perhaps forever, without saying farewell! Dear Tom!"

"Dear Ruth!"

"Little girl, Thomas Green went to South America. What am I weeping for? O, am I? Well, I suppose I do feel sad when I look at the poor fellow now. But I can soon tell you the rest of the story, little lady. And it is such a pleasure to caress your smooth, astringent hair, and feel your little palms in my rough hand!"

"Thomas Green went to South America. And everybody who goes there, gets rich; at least those, my dear, who take out whole cargoes of articles such as the natives buy, or will exchange for much more valuable things. And Thomas Green went there to make money, little girl; yes, money to buy himself a wife. Isn't that funny that wives can be bought like dolls, dresses, rings and books, little girl! Yes, very funny. But it's true, my sweet child; and when you get older, you will find that little girls, when they grow up tall and handsome (like you will be, my pretty one), are sold and bought like chests of tea, and coils of rope, or fine horses or pretty flowers! The handsome girls who are so fine, with their curls and fair baby-faces, and rich gowns, see the purchaser coming along; he looks at them; he thinks—O, if he had such a wife, how he would love her, and work for her, and never think he had done enough till she was singing and laughing all day long as blithesome as the birds! The beauties look at him. 'How much money has he got?' O, he is poor!' 'Go along, you beggar!' they all cry. 'How dare you look at us so long, Impudence!' And they almost think the poor fellow had a design upon their bracelets, or their rich, flashing rings, never thinking of their hearts, poor things! Well, now comes along another purchaser. He is not near so handsome as the poor fellow who has just passed on; his face is pale, his limbs are feeble, and his hair is streaked with gray; he coughs badly, too. But O what an eye he has got for the young, fresh and handsome girls! Why he ogles them, my dear, and watches all their fine points, as if he was buying a horse. He is an old orkey, too.

"Want to sell?" he says to father or mother.

"O, yes," says mama. "Do you own your establishment?"

"How is your bank account, old fellow?" asks papa.

"O, all right!" says the old fellow. "Come here and look!"

"And after mama has seen the establishment, and papa has been there and looked, the young fillets (ladies, I mean), come huzzing round the hider. They don't see that his face is pale; they don't see that his hair is gray; why, my dear, they will undertake to cure his cough. He buys up the one he likes best; then they have a jolly evening; then everybody says over the champagne, 'splendid woman!' and 'happy fellow!' and then they nod and smile, and say, 'married for money!' and 'old fool!' But they whisper this in low tones, you know, and go on cracking nuts and eating bride-cake and drinking sherry, as jolly as ever. Then the man takes his horse to a splendid stable, puts on silver-mounted harnesses, drives to the races, has the best care taken—O, my dear! yes, I forgot I was talking about a woman! O, what a brute I am to run on about horses! But I am so forgetful, you know! Thomas Craig always was. O, yes! poor Green! I had forgotten poor Green in South America, all this time. And I talking about marrying and horses! Ah me!"

"Well, he slaved and worked day and night. All his energies were bent in the one direction—to make money. No task was too difficult for his acceptance, providing money was to be made out of it; and many times did he undertake dangerous expeditions into the very heart of the Cordilleras. Often did he struggle over steep mountains, faint with the heat, and without food or water, toiling on, on, to his given destination, that he might realize profits which should secure Ruth to him on his return.

"His ship returned to the United States in about a year from the time she left her deck in Philadelphia; but Green returned not with her. His success had been so great, that he was determined to stay some months longer, and return triumphantly claiming his bride. He received letters from time to time from Ruth, at his Chilean headquarters. The only joy he knew during his absence was in the receipt of these—except that of wandering into the deep solitudes, forgetting his wild surroundings and remoteness from his promised bride, and dreaming of her for whom he was so bravely toiling.

"But at last the time for his exodus drew nigh! His stores were safely loaded upon the 'Prairie Bird, Williams master,' and he was once more upon the broad ocean, homeward bound. O, happy direction to the weary wanderer! But when about three weeks east, the Prairie Bird encountered a terrific gale. 'Tis useless to speak to you, my sweet child, of those

dreadful days, those fearful nights of terror and despair, of wretched, working and praying.

"The Prairie Bird, Williams master, from Coquimbó, bound to Philadelphia, went down with all on board."

"So the news came to those at home. And Thomas Green was known to be on board, and Ruth Russell—well, little girl, I must not speak of her just now. No, darling, those are not tears! Thomas Craige never weeps, you know; never has been known to shed a tear—except, perhaps, for Thomas Green. But he was not drowned, after all, my child; he got back to Philadelphia at last, but was carried over to Liverpool first. Where is Liverpool? Well, indeed, my dear, I used to know, but it is somewhere a great way off; it seems to have faded from my memory now. So he came back to Philadelphia—yes, he was picked up by a ship after being a long while alone drifting about in the ocean tied to a spar—and he was so old and haggard and broken down! But that was nothing, as I told you awhile ago, to his being penniless. Yes, he had lost all his money; it went down with the ship. Don't cry, little girl, for Thomas Green because he lost his money, or you will make me cry too! Plenty of people lose their money, little one, who work as hard for it as he did. But then he would lose Ruth? O, yes! Ruth—she was more than the money to him! So he made his way to Blitherville on foot.

"It was sad to see Green then, he never smiled, nor sung, nor laughed like people do sometimes who are happy, yet you must not think, my dear, that all people are happy who sing, and dance, and laugh. No, indeed, even while they are most loudly gay they wish they were dead. Aint that awful, to laugh and dance, and all the time be so miserable? But how I wander! Green got up to Blitherville at last, and he was a mean-looking man, I must tell you, little girl, and his clothes were very shabby. But he did not seem to think anything of this. He walked right along the valley towards Major Russell's house; he never noticed the familiar trees and cottages along the road at all, but tramped straight ahead like a man walking in his sleep. All at once he came upon the bridge where he had declared his love to Ruth. The same locust was waving overhead; but it was winter now, and the long branches were all bare of leaves, and the straggling boughs were knocking against each other as the wind swayed them to and fro with a dismal sort of sound.

"He looked below at the little stream. It was

the same which murmured so musically beneath the bridge when Ruth made him so happy by her kiss; but the water now was frozen hard, and as the jagged stones peered up now and then above the surface with the piles of ice thrown around them, it looked cold and desolate enough, and the woods, which he for the first time noticed, looked bare, and the crisp leaves whirled over the ground with a harsh rustle, as the sharp winds whistled amongst them. Green remembered all. Then all was bright and joyous, and he was beloved. Now—he hardly could take time to think of the desolation here, which was as great as that of his life and being. He rested his head upon his hands, and leaning upon the parapet he wept long and bitterly. The strong man wept. Can you—? No, you can't comprehend his exquisite misery, little girl. But in a little while he conquered his emotion, and walked on as before.

"It was getting dark rapidly, and soon he neared the house endeared to him by associations so sweet. It got to be quite dark, and it was very cold; but Thomas Green thought not of light or heat, he was coming to Ruth's home. Major Russell's mansion was in sight, and if ever Green despaired he now began to hope; but his knees were trembling so, and his heart was beating so fast that he could go no further—he had to sit down upon a stone by the wayside. And now he pictured to himself Bath's joy at his return; and the major would greet him warmly, as one risen from the dead.

"Why, God bless you, my boy," the major would say.

"Dearest Tom, how much joy your return brings us," would be Ruth's soft whisper, and—

"But, O, he was commencing to shiver here upon the stone, he must hasten on to the house. Ah, already he saw the bright lights dancing in the windows. Why, he fancied he heard the soft swell of music, too. O, he lived a thousand lives as he stared that dwelling. Yes, it was evidently some scene of festivity. His hand had scarcely touched the door before it was opened, and the hearty face of Thaddeus, the waiter, was before him. Green felt so glad to see him he could have embraced him, he laid out his hand with a glad, hearty:

"Why, Thaddeus, how d'ye do?"

The hand of the waiter was drawn back from his touch, he evidently did not know him. Green smiled as he thought what profuse apologies poor Thaddeus would overwhelm him with when he should discover who he was. But Green now discovered the hall was full of visitors, ladies in the gayest dresses escorted by their partners were walking to and fro; the hum of many voices

saluted his ears, the music of a fine band swelled in harmony through the house, the perfume of rare flowers made the air heavy with sweetness.

"Green felt bewildered, a sudden dizziness seemed to overcome him, and he was smitten with strange fears; his thoughts were in a wild tumult, from which he was aroused by Thaddeus endeavoring to close the door upon him. He prevented this by throwing himself forward past the menial, and thus he staggered like a drunken man into the hall amongst the guests. They retired from him as though he was a pestilence, and by the way thus opened through dainty women and shrinking men, he advanced into the still greater throng in the parlor. What a sight did meet his eyes!

The noble room was full of flowers—flowers upon the mantel-pieces, bouquets upon marble stands, in the hands of matrons, in the bosoms of belles; the lights were brilliant, the company more so. Many familiar faces crossed near him, but he saw them as men see images in dreams. He passed by the musicians—the smile upon the faces of all was agony to him—there was an avenue made for him as he advanced, and his hand swept aside the rich satins and crapes, he respected but little the finest laces or the costliest broadcloth. He reached the end of the room, and there looked upon the bride and bridegroom, *Ruth Russell and George Hutchins!*

"The bride was attired in the richest satin, with the long pure veil, and the orange blossoms decking her brow; pearls were strung upon her neck, which rivalled them in purity. But her face was pale as whitest marble, her arms hung listlessly down at her side, and her mouth wore a fixed, morose smile. It might have worn the same expression in death. The bridegroom, fashionable and proud, bowed and smiled to his congratulating friends; but a deep, deadly frown passed over his face when he beheld the worn figure push up before them. It was but a moment, and then Green spoke, and his broken voice, yet with a sad melody which seemed scarcely of earth, sounded through the festive room:

"*'Ruth Russell, I have come back.'*

"Then the bride shrieked as she threw up her white arms in despair, and sprang from the side of her husband to the embrace of the careworn stranger.

"*'O, Thomas, they forced me to it! I thought you were dead. Treachery, treachery! I am yours alone. I tell you all here I love this man. Father, I care not now for threats. This man is my husband in the sight of Heaven.'*

"But Green had fallen to the floor like a corpse,

and when they raised him up he was a raving madman.

"His wretched brain gave way,  
And he became a wreck, at random driven,  
Without one glimpse of reason, or of heaven."

"But, little girl, she comes to him sometimes from heaven, and talks to him. She is so beautiful, and there is a strange brightness like beams of sunlight around her brow, and he is always happier after seeing Ruthie. But, dear child, here comes Green. O, hide me, little fairy, do not let him touch me. He will kill me for telling his history to you. Do not leave me, do not, little child, for you look like Ruth—"

"Come, Mr. Green," said the man from the other side of the room, "you must go with me now, to have supper. This little girl shall come to see you again."

"And the man led Mr. Craige away," said my little girl.

"No, my child," I replied, "that was not Mr. Craige who was talking to you, it was Mr. Green himself, and he was telling you his own sad history; the other gentleman was one of the attendant keepers. You must know, daughter, that it is very frequently the case in certain forms of madness, that the maniac fancies that he is perfectly sane, and that all others are crazy, and also that he is somebody else."

"Poor Mr. Green!" sighed my little girl, and she was unusually sad all that evening.

(ORIGINAL.)

## IN AT THE DEATH.

BY HENRY MCFARLANE.

"Who is she?"

"A young woman, of course."

"But what is she?"

"Half dost, half delty, as the poet says, like the rest of humanity."

"Is she married or single?"

"Or a widow? She dresses in black and looks melancholy."

"That's no sign of a widow."

"It ought to be."

"I don't know about that. Some widows ought to celebrate the death of their husbands, in gay attire; robe themselves 'in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.'"

"And a good many do."

"If my wife should rejoice after my death, I'd come back and haunt her. I'd give her a dose of spectral poison!"

"You wouldn't have a ghost of a chance. Widows are man-proof—let alone ghost-proof. And if you saw her 'cutting-up,' you'd be glad to go back to the grave again."

"But all this is nothing to the purpose. The question before the vestry is, Who is this solitary, dark-eyed, well-formed and highly dignified young woman?"

"And where did she come from?"

"And who is the little girl?"

As nobody at the Violet tavern knew, there was no answer, but conjecture, to all these eager questions. The lady in question had come to the place with her girl-companion, an utter stranger, taken one large room, and kept herself mysteriously dark and reserved.

All that the landlord knew was that her name was Annie Ashton, and the little girl's Winnie Ashton; but whether they were mother and daughter; whether the elder had ever had a husband; or the younger, who was about ten years of age, was young enough to be the daughter of the other, who did not seem more than twenty-one; whether—almost anything else, about them—he could not say—for he dared not ask.

"I have been a landlord for twenty years and more," said he, "and as sure as my name is Pronounce, I never met with a woman's eye that I couldn't fairly and squarely face, but hers. I asked her one or two questions—out of my business, I own,—but she gave me such a look, from that glowing, high-bred eye of hers, that I wilted, and remembered my manners. Mrs. Pronounce, who is good at catechism, says the same. She says they are both continually on their guard, the young one watching the old one all the time, as if to give or take a cue from her when they speak. But Dolly likes the lady, though she don't know what to make of her. Strange young creature. What a high-bred eye she has."

"My opinion is," said one of the boarders, who was inclined to be superstitious, and wished always to act wisely, "that it is best to let all such people alone. It don't do to meddle with odd folks. Sometimes they're the very—the very—devil—if I must say so."

"She don't look very devilish, though," was the general opinion; for Annie Ashton, married or single, maiden, wife, or widow, was very comely to behold, and young, and seemingly well-educated and intellectual. And the result of the first grand discussion of her was that everybody resolved to keep an eye upon her, confident that, as Mr. Pronounce said Mrs. Pronounce said, "everything would come out, blimeby."

On one occasion, when Mrs. Pronounce was having a miscellaneous chat with the mystic



Annie and the undoubtedly Miss Winnie, and smilingly intimated that everybody was dying to know who they were, the mystic Annie calmly observed, with unconquerable steadfastness in her dark, high-bred eyes, that,

"It is a very curious world, indeed, and it has been said in defence of inquisitive people, that the spirit of inquiry is the foundation of all knowledge; but as far as my observation has extended, I have always noticed that the most inquisitive people are the most ignorant."

Mrs. Prounce rather winced while she smiled, and ventured that

"If they are ignorant, perhaps that's the reason they ask—for information."

"Which is seldom correct," shamed the imperturbable Annie; mildly, though.

"It is perfectly right," said Mrs. Prounce, "to keep one's business to one's self. But sometimes we attract uncomfortable curiosity by being too reserved. When we are strange, we excite strange thoughts."

"I know I have strange tastes," replied Annie, "I have, for one, a very deep interest in funerals."

"Funerals are very solemn," suggested Mrs. Prounce.

"Especially the funerals of our own sex," continued Annie, "and more especially, wives."

"It is a dreadful thing for a married woman to die," assented Mrs. Prounce, "and leave her husband; for she don't know what he is a going to do, any more than she knows where she is a going to."

"The death of a good wife is a great loss, and an impressive lesson to the world," said the solemn young lady. "She has filled the highest functions of her being; particularly if she has been a mother, and now leaves those behind her to mourn an irreparable loss. Children can never have but one mother—and a true woman's heart always melts, at the sight of a widower!"

"He is a miserable object, to be sure!" said Mrs. Prounce. "Like a cart without a horse," she added, by way of illustration.

"The valuable duties of a wife, Mrs. Prounce," continued the commanding young woman, "can no longer be fulfilled unto him."

"No more they can," sighed Mrs. Prounce.

"And so, whenever I hear of the death of a wife, I feel an overpowering inclination to attend the funeral, wherever I am and however engaged, and to give what aid and sympathy I can, to the house of mourning."

"Which it is very good of you," was the rejoinder; "though I must say it is a very odd taste, for I have such a horror of funerals and corpses, that I should forgive my husband if he

didn't go to mine. It is very gloomy to be—to be gloomy," she added, lost in thoughts of the tomb.

"As laughing is catching," proceeded her solemn young companion.

"What does it catch?" suddenly interrupted Mrs. Prounce, looking up, anxiously, for she had been thinking of infectious diseases just then, and was for a moment dwelling upon small pox, which was expected in the neighborhood on a visit. "What did you say catches?"

"I said that as laughing is said to be catching, why should not gloom be? Anything gloomy has attractions for me."

"You have a good pious taste," replied Mrs. Prounce, regarding her with a shudder. "But I wouldn't have it for the world. You will have a nice chance to indulge him, for the town is sickly, and we expect the small pox all over us pretty soon."

"I am glad to hear it," remarked Annie, "for I shall be able to perform my favorite services to the afflicted."

The gloomy taste, appearance and observations of her unknown boarder were so unaccountable to Mrs. Prounce, that when she left the room that day she vowed she would never again have a long talk with her.

"There is something *ahint* of her that I can't see," she told her husband; "and she makes me feel so bad, I can't tell whether she is seriously wicked or seriously pious. I feel as if I couldn't say my soul was my own when I am talking with her. I feel as if I could get into a pint pot. A young woman and fond of funerals! Glad to hear the place is sickly! What can you make out of her?"

"Money, as long as she stays," gruffly replied the landlord; "though I think, too, that there's something wrong about her. She's got such an eye and keeps so dark. Hang me if I don't believe she is a forerunner of the small pox! Half our boarders have gone away, for fear of it. Boggs's boy died this morning of it."

"She's a cunning person, anybody can see," said the wife, poisoning her thought before she drove it to a conclusion; "and p'haps, I say, p'haps—if she aint wicked, she may be a female doctor."

"Might be," mused Prounce, gloomy over the loss of his boarders. "If she is, I wish she'd scare the small pox away. She looks as if she could."

Various other uncharitable opinions had been formed about the mysterious woman who had appeared just at the advent of the general terror. Apprehension breeds ill nature, and this baffled curiosity of some who were constantly talking

about her, excited a spiteful feeling against her. Some said she thought herself above common folks. Some that she liked to go to funerals that she might indulge an inhuman delight in the misery of others. Some said she was a bold thing who had committed some crime—perhaps poisoned a husband—and was concealing herself from justice. But the most general opinion, which finally obtained among those who had heard of her, was that she was travelling on the route of the small pox, to make professional observations and use them to advantage when she came to practice as a female physician—which it was supposed she was studying to be.

When the small pox did come in full force, this opinion was strengthened by several apothecaries, who testified that she made repeated inquiries of them as to who in their neighborhoods were sick and likely to die; and when funerals were to come off, and whose, and where. And her particular inquiries as to deceased or dying wives, seemed to establish the idea that she was, or was to be a practitioner for women only.

This notion tended to mollify the asperity that existed against the mystic Annie, although that reserved young woman never assumed any knowledge of medicine, or intimated any desire to physic the sickly town.

It was soon observed, however, that she did have a propensity for attending funerals. Whenever "friends and relatives" were "invited to attend," she was sure to be present, evidently classing herself among the "friends," and whenever the deceased person chanced to have been a wife, her show of timely sympathy was marked and appreciated; useful, and so gracefully made as to be considered unobtrusive, though from a stranger.

The occasions are not rare at funerals when the troubled mourners have been so worried and hurried in their preparations as to have left them imperfect; and when friends, advised of the fact beforehand, have felt too confused to aid them, in the proper manner, at the proper time.

For such emergencies, the self-possessed and lady-like stranger proved herself peculiarly well adapted. Her solemn appearance was in itself a recommendation for the sad, extemporaneous task of officiating, when the chief mourner, sincere or insincere, too much absorbed in his grief or in deporting himself with becoming wretchedness, was unable to superintend the fit performance of necessary though minor details.

So while others mutely and awkwardly stood by, the comely young woman in black adroitly undertook to make quiet suggestions as to the disposal of the furniture for the best convenience

of the guests; helped arrange it with her own hands, arrayed the funeral garland with a tasteful care; saw that the clergyman, and the chief mourners and other kindred were appropriately placed; that the Bible and the prayer-book were ready for the use of the pastor; and that the sexton and his assistants had the proper directions as to their duties, and while she obtained them from the bereaved man, she would gently give him such words of consolation as were most suitable for the occasion, and calculated to pour oil upon the wounds of his heart, if he had any.

If no one felt equal to the duty of calling out the list of mourners for the proper carriages, she would do it; and when the procession had arrived at the grave, none were so tenderly sympathetic, or so warmly eloquent, or so gracefully officious at the sorrowing husband's side, as the unaccountable, mysterious Annie Ashtoo. Nothing that could be done seemed to be forgotten or omitted by her, even to the collection of memorial flowers from the impressive spot. These kindly services over, she would quietly and modestly disappear.

Now there was nothing improper in all this, however unusual it might be from a stranger. Yet being unusual, and done so fitly, so opportunely, at the critical moment, it made her the object of increased interest and inquiry, and very naturally of thankful attachment from those assisted; and the sickness of the town at that period multiplied the precise kind of opportunities which her fernal taste seemed to crave, and for which she seemed so signally adapted.

As the labors of compassionate kindness do seldom go unrewarded, she often received little tokens of appreciation from the parties thus assisted, though she seldom complied with an invitation to their houses more than once, and even then maintained her singular reserve.

But finally, in an instance where she had made herself particularly servicable, the chief mourner, a widower of middle age, ascertaining where she resided, called upon her at the Violet tavern, and solicited the favor of a prolonged acquaintance with her, in a voice and look which might be termed three parts admiration and one part inconsolable sorrow.

"If he thinks he can get anything out of her," said the Pronounce, when he went up stairs, "he's mightily mistaken. We don't know any more of her now than we did when she first came here—barring the funerals. She's a regular angel at them, though, and no mistake."

The name of the grateful widower was Israel Pidgeon. Mr. Pidgeon, finding that the friendly, though still asyatic young lady, received his

solicitation with no unwillingness, ventured, in the course of an edifying conversation upon the uncertainty of human life, and the fact that all flesh is grass, and that still it was hard to part with it because it was doubtful if we could get a new crop as good—he ventured plumply upon the question whether he had the honor of addressing a maiden lady, a widow or a wife—and he glanced dubiously at the little girl, Winnie.

Annie smiled, and answered evasively, "I am not *now* a married woman, Mr. Pidgeon;" so that he could not decide whether she meant that she *had* been married, but was without a husband now; or whether she intended to convey the idea that though she was not married *now*, she expected to be, soon. So he probed further.

"Permit me to inquire the relationship of this sweet little girl to you."

"She is my sister-in-law," promptly responded Annie.

"Then that's all right, so far," thought he. "I don't think she ever has been married. I'll wait awhile and recover from the effects of her eye, and ask again."

Mr. Pidgeon now dilated upon the fact that he was "very lonesome."

"No doubt," replied she. "The death of a wife is not easily to be disregarded. A constant heart should in these cases prepare itself to follow the idol which it cannot restore. Feeling as you do, of course you will never seek or wish to supply her place."

Mr. Pidgeon didn't think so; but thought that she never could have been married, and that this was a proof that she was so inexperienced miss.

"Constancy is a great thing," observed he; "and you remember that I have three very young children to remind me of their mother. How did you like their looks?"

Annie declared that she had seldom seen children with such winning ways.

"I am charmed to hear that; and I am in hopes with the large fortune I possess, I shall be able to give them an education and position which will in part recompense them for the loss of a mother. I suppose you cannot understand what a *parent's* feeling are?"

Annie said that she could not.

"Then I suppose of course that you have never been married."

Annie allowed his supposition to pass as a statement, not a question, and made no reply; but her conversation grew so animated while they continued together, that he was encouraged to invite her to become a visitor to his house; and to his great satisfaction she promised,—and

she kept her promise; and a week had not elapsed before two important revelations were made in consequence.

"You may think me unfeeling, Miss Ashton," said Mr. Pidgeon, one afternoon taking her hand suddenly and pressing it to his bill—no, his lips—"but I am in love with you, and I entreat you to become my wife—to supply the place of my late partner. If not in love, in pity, be mine; for you must know what a dreadful thing it is to meet with so severe a loss."

"I do know what it is," replied she, to his astonishment; "for I have lost a husband, myself, and have long been desirous of supplying his place! I have sought for a substitute only among widows, for I felt that we could the better sympathise with each other; and besides, we could marry upon equal terms. So, Israel, if you will have me, take me."

The heart of Israel rejoiced, and he filled his arms and his cup of bliss at once and the same time, as he embraced her, and said that she was all the better for being a widow, for she would have more experience in domestic matters.

Thus it was that through death the mystic Annie obtained a second life—a second self—and three children,—all that any reasonable widow could expect; and as an ample fortune helped them to be happy, and both husband and wife did all they could to console each other for the loss of their former partners—which was very thoughtful of them—the mystic Annie never regretted her original project of being in at the death.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE REBEL REFUGEE.

## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FRANCIS A. COREY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.  
SHAKESPEARE.

"HEAVEN help me! I can go no further!"

The young man who uttered these exclamations sank faint and exhausted upon the marble steps of a stately mansion, situated upon the banks of the beautiful Hudson. His face was very pale and haggard, his clothes in disorder, and covered with dust and blood. He appeared utterly incapable of any further effort, and had evidently abandoned himself to a fate which he deemed inevitable.

His words had not been entirely unheard. A young and beautiful girl stood at one of the open windows, looking out. She had observed the approach of the tired stranger, and listened to the exclamations he had made. Evidently she understood at once the peril and danger of his situation, for, following a sudden impulse, she crossed the shady piazza, and approached him, silently.

"Will you walk in, and rest yourself, sir?" she asked, softly.

The man turned suddenly. He had not heard her approach, and was therefore totally unprepared for the unexpected vision he saw before him. It was only for a moment that he hesitated, however, then he answered respectfully, though mournfully:

"Thank you, miss, for your kindness, but I cannot accept of your hospitality."

The young girl regarded him with real pity and compassion.

"You are a soldier of the patriot army?" she said, eagerly.

Before he had time to answer, they both heard the report of fire-arms in the distance, and caught a glimpse, through the trees, of a party of soldiers, hurrying as fast as possible, down the road towards them.

"Yes, and as completely in the power of my enemies as if a prisoner at this moment," he returned, quickly, and then continued, indicating the approaching men, "Look! those are Tories! They are in pursuit of me! We have had a skirmish over yonder, and they came off victorious. I fled, but it will be of no avail. They will reach us in a moment! I can go no further, and my blood will answer for my temerity!"

"Never, never!" cried the girl, with a shudder. "I will save you!"

"You, miss?" asked the refugee, in deep astonishment. "It is impossible! I am grateful to you for your pity and compassion, but I fear you cannot aid me! I am too much fatigued and exhausted for farther effort, and you had better leave me to my fate."

"I cannot see you murdered before my very eyes, sir! I am nearly powerless, but I will do all I can for your safety. Come with me."

She turned to enter the house, but the young man hesitated.

"No, no," he said, quickly, "you have not reflected properly, and shall not be involved in my peril. I will remain here and brave it alone!"

"Then I shall stay with you, and thus incur double danger! I love my country, and would shield all who do battle for her cause. Go with me, and all may yet be well! For Heaven's sake, do not hesitate!"

He could not resist this appeal. He arose slowly, and tottered after her.

"I shall yield myself up to you," he said respectfully. "But, remember, if trouble ever comes from this, I would fain have deterred you."

She conducted him into the house. They crossed the long hall, and ascended the grand staircase. Near the head, they paused at a door.

"This is my uncle's study," said the girl. "He is a Tory, but luckily happens to be absent just now, and no one in the house is aware of it but myself. I think you will be safe, here, until we discover a better hiding-place."

She opened the door, and they entered the apartment. It was rather large, and handsomely furnished, but there were no embrasures, the walls being perfectly even and plain. A rich dressing-gown lay across the backs of a couple of the chairs. The young girl took it up.

"You must robe yourself in this," she said, hurriedly, "and he seated at the desk, yonder, with your back towards the door, looking over the papers. Your safety depends upon the merest chance, still I can do nothing more for you. They will be sure to search the house, if they suspect you are near."

"I feel assured of your well-wishes, my lady, if nothing more," he said, gently taking her hand in both his own. "By what name shall I call my fair benefactress?"

"Lilian Marston," answered the girl, blushing deeply.

"Lilian! I will remember that name," he returned, earnestly. "If my life is spared, the memory of this hour shall be treasured sacredly. God bless you!"

The girl slowly departed, after giving the refugee a few words of further instruction. They were to attempt to pass him off as Lillian's uncle, Mr. Durant, a decided royalist, by not permitting the approaching party to get a near view of him. To render the scheme more easily carried out, it was well known to all persons in the vicinity that Mr. Durant spent very much time in this same study, and never permitted himself to be interrupted while there. It was a wild, hazardous attempt, but the best they could do under the circumstances.

Lillian descended to the piazza. The Tories were approaching the house in a body, and at their head was a certain Hubert Lincoln, the son of a wealthy royalist of the neighborhood, and would-be suitor for the hand of Lillian, although thoroughly detested by her. She took no pains to conceal her dislike, and therefore, as may be imagined, it was with no very scorable feelings that she observed his approach. In a moment he had reached her side, and stood panting from excitement.

"We have achieved a glorious victory, Miss Marston," he said at last. "It was a tough one for a mere skirmish, though, but the rebels were completely routed. They fought like very devils, but the odds were against them. Can you not congratulate us?"

"For what! Because your bands are red with human blood?"

"Rather that King George has now fewer enemies, and Washington a less number of soldiers! Is not that a sufficient matter for rejoicing?"

"Only to the depraved and heartless!" was the indignant answer. "Such alone would be glad at the violent death of any one."

"That is a woman's opinion, and I shall receive it as such. They always take such matters more seriously than we of the other sex. But one of those dastardly rebels fled in this direction. Have you seen him pass?"

"I am no spy upon the actions of other people, sir, and rest assured I should have the very last one to reveal it to his enemies, even if I had!"

"Your words surprise and pain me, Miss Marston, as they reveal sentiments I never expected, for a moment, you would or even could entertain."

"I am sure they discover but a just charity and compassion towards my fellow-creatures, sir! I should, indeed, have ample cause for shame and self-reproach, if I did not feel all, and even more, than my words expressed!"

"Well, well," at last he began again, "it appears that you and I have a different way of thinking in regard to this matter, though I am very sorry to disagree with you on any point.

But we know that this rebel of whom we were speaking turned into this avenue. One of the soldiers is certain that he saw him enter the house. Where is Mr. Durant? We wish to obtain his consent to search the premises."

Lillian Marston trembled from head to foot, but she did not betray herself.

"It is not at all necessary, sir," she answered, calmly. "I will grant you full permission, myself, and bear all the censure arising therefrom. I know my uncle would approve of such a course."

"Thank you! Still I do not wish Mr. Durant should think, even for one moment, that we entertain a single suspicion or doubt as to the actions of so noted a royalist as himself, but—"

"But you do not feel so certain in regard to myself," interrupted Lillian, with a smile. "You know I would gladly give shelter and protection to a so-called rebel, if I only had an opportunity! Is it not so?"

"I shall not deny the imputation, Miss Marston," returned the captain, gallantly, "but I will at least give you the credit of possessing considerable candor, and more penetration."

"A portion of your men might be sent to search the out-buildings," said Lillian, by way of turning the conversation, "as you appear to well satisfied that the fugitive is somewhere near, and I will conduct the remainder over the house."

"The idea was well thought of! But what must Mr. Durant think to find a party of soldiers ransacking his premises? I freely confess that I do not at all like the looks of the disagreeable job before us!"

"You consider yourself as discharging your duty; that is enough. Come!"

The young girl crossed the piazza, and entered the house, followed immediately by Captain Lincoln and a couple of his best men. The attic was searched first, every nook explored, then the second story, and finally they paused before the very door of the apartment in which the fugitive had taken refuge. For a moment Lillian trembled with fear and dread.

"This is my uncle's study," she whispered, at last. "It will not be well to interrupt him now. You see that the room is occupied."

She opened the door far enough for them to observe the figure of a man before the desk, at the further end of the apartment. He was seated with his back towards them, but the captain recognized the dressing-gown.

"I believe I will go in," he returned, in the same low, guarded tone. "When he discovers who it is, and for what purpose I am here, doubtless he will be glad to see me, and forgive the interruption."

"I know his character well enough to think you had better not make the attempt. He does not wish to be disturbed on any account. You can see there is no hiding-place here, and of course the fugitive cannot be concealed in the room. Perhaps it may be for your own interest to regard his wishes."

These last words decided the captain. A delicate hint was conveyed through them which he very well understood. He left the house, with his men, and learning that the rest of his party had been as unsuccessful as himself, they soon went dashing down the road at a mad gallop, much to the delight and relief of Lillian, who watched their departure from an upper window.

In a few moments the young girl again sought the refugee, who was very profuse and earnest in his thanks to his fair benefactress. Upon discovering that her protegee was still too weak to depart, she conducted him to the attic, as a safer place, now that it had been searched, and after arranging everything as much as possible for his comfort, bade him adieu, and left him alone to his own reflections.

—Have ye sought  
To urge against me treason to the state,  
Or private wrong, or public injury?—Miss E. ROBERTS.

Three days slipped slowly by. The refugee still remained in the attic, not having entirely regained his usual strength and vigor, where Lillian Marston visited him as often and regularly as circumstances permitted, plentifully supplying him with food and other requisites so necessary to the confined life which the unfortunate young man was obliged to lead. Luckily for them both, the attic was seldom visited by any member of the family, and Mr. Darent continued absent most of the time from one cause or another, and did not once meet Captain Lincoln, or an explanation might have ensued which would have been unfortunate at least, even if not hazardous to the safety of the fugitive.

Many long conversations took place between Lillian and her charge. Gradually she grew more and more interested in him, until at last she would have hesitated to confess, even to herself, all the emotions with which he inspired her. At first it was only a womanly pity and compassion which influenced her, but these shortly gave way, though unconsciously to herself, to much deeper and tenderer feelings.

Her visits to the attic were entirely unnoticed, being paid at dusk, or when the household were employed in a different part of the building. Near noon of the fourth day she sought the refugee, looking pale, and trembling.

"You must remain here no longer," she said.

"My uncle has arrived, and I just now observed Captain Lincoln cowering up the avenue towards the house. He will be sure to speak of your escape, and they will at once discover the imposition we practised upon them. Then my share in the proceedings will come out, the house be searched again, and, should you remain here, you certainly would be captured. So you see there is no time for delay, but you must fly at once, if you have recovered sufficient strength for the undertaking."

"I had been thinking of departing to night, at all events," said the refugee. "But I never can forgive myself, if this affair causes you trouble, Miss Marston."

"O, do not fear on that account, sir! Rest assured I shall not be harmed, whatever is discovered! But we must hasten! There is an unfrequented passage which leads directly from the next floor to the orchard behind the house. We will descend by that! I shall accompany you as far as a path which will take you by a short route, through the woods yonder. Just beyond you will find a small party of patriots encamped, doubtless friends of yours, with whom you will be in comparative safety."

"You are right; they are my own men—at least I judge so. But I yield myself to your guidance. Shall we go now?"

"Yes; the sooner the better. Now be expeditious, but noiseless!"

They descended the stairs together, traversed the passage, and soon found themselves wending their way, unobserved, between the thick, old apple-trees in the orchard. At the edge of the forest they paused a moment.

"You are sure," asked the young man, anxiously, "that you incur no risk in accompanying me so far—satisfied no harm, directly or indirectly, will ever come to you from it?"

"Yes, yes! You could not possibly discover, unassisted, the path of which I have spoken, for some time, perhaps not at all, and under your present circumstances, every moment is precious, and must not be wasted!"

"I believe you are right. But, at all events, you will possess my eternal gratitude and esteem for all you have undertaken in my behalf."

He took her hand gently in both his own, as he spoke.

"I have only done my duty, sir," she said in a low voice.

"Nay, but you have performed an act of which any one might well feel proud. You have given shelter to a fugitive, and protected a man even whose name you do not know. Your memory shall ever be cherished for this."

"I am satisfied that he is a friend to his country, and that is enough."

"Your real kindness of heart is only rendered so much the more manifest. Nevertheless you shall learn more of me. My name is Wallace Lyno. I have been in command of a small party of troops out on a scouting expedition, and we were returning to headquarters when surprised by the gang of Tories led on by Captain Lincoln. They greatly outnumbered us, and after a short but desperate encounter, my men were obliged to seek safety in flight. You already know what became of myself. Probably the few that still remained of those under my command, collected on the other side of the woods yonder, as I know of no other party in the vicinity."

"I thought as much, as I heard the servants speak of them as being a band which was mostly broken up by a recent skirmish. But we are delaying here when we should be far on our way. Let us press forward. Captain Lincoln may have sent spies, even now, in search of us."

For a long time they pressed forward in silence, penetrating into the deepest recesses of the forest. The route was comparatively smooth and even, though the trees were large and very thick, and cast dark, heavy shadows all around. Suddenly Major Lynn (for that was his official title) paused, and bent his head to the ground, listening intently.

"We are pursued," he said at last. "I hear the trampling of horses' feet!"

"Then we have no time to lose. So much the more cause for expedition."

"But I must go on alone, Miss Marston. You must not be taken with me, if I have no opportunity to escape. Even should you meet the Tories, they may think you are only out for a walk. Therefore, I beg of you! Should you be found with me, it may fare hard with you."

"However he might dislike my line of conduct, my uncle would never suffer me to be abused! Without my aid you are lost. You would never find your way through this forest, to the American camp, unassisted! I undertook the part of guide, and I will not desert you. It may be forward and unmaidenly—such a course in the behalf of a stranger—but I could not see you die there before my own door, in the first place, and even now I say you must not be carried back to the same horrid fate, when a little sacrifice on my part would prevent it. Do not seek to deter me. You see I am determined!"

She turned her face towards him. It was white and ghastly, but very firm.

"Well, have it your own way, then," he returned, resignedly. "No one in my presence shall be insulted while I have the power to pro-

tect her. Still I could wish you would not risk so much for my sake."

By this time the sounds occasioned by the approaching party of horsemen had begun to grow rapidly more and more distinct. Lillian heard them and yet she continued to remain firm and undaunted. They both knew that their pursuers gained upon them very fast, but the knowledge only caused them to put forth fresh exertions. Quite a long distance was accomplished in this manner, when a sudden neighing of steeds, and a loud shout from the Tories, all at once denoted they had come to an alarming proximity to them. Major Lynn saw there was no time to lose.

"There is no use in going further in this direction," he said. "We should very soon be overtaken. Our only hope must be in finding a suitable place among the shrubbery near at hand, where we may conceal ourselves."

He turned to the right, as he spoke. A few rods further on a few clumps of stunted evergreens clustered thickly about a huge, isolated rock, which some terrible convulsion of nature, or some other unexplained cause, had left deep in the recesses of this wood. Towards it they now directed their steps, and the young man pushed aside the heavy, matted branches for his companion to enter, himself following speedily behind her. They found a large enough space enclosed between the bushes and rock to establish themselves comfortably.

A few moments of horrible suspense followed. Lillian leaned sick and faint against the immense boulder, while Major Lynn drew nearer the bushes where he might peer out. They had not long to wait. In a very short time the Tories came dashing past, so near that they might have heard every word that was uttered, and then disappeared among the trees farther on.

"Thank heaven, they have missed us!" cried Lillian, with renewed hope.

The young soldier endeavored to speak a few words of encouragement to the maiden, which revived her spirits greatly. Half an hour passed, and Major Lynn was about to propose resuming their flight, when suddenly the galloping of the returning party reached his ears. Lillian also heard the sound.

"Lost, lost!" she gasped. "This is terrible, after all the hopes we have entertained."

Her companion could not comfort her. He dared not prepare her mind for a fresh disappointment. In few moments the Tories came in sight, while Lillian pressed to the side of the major, to obtain a distinct view of them. Captain Lincoln was at their head, while another man rode beside him.

"It is Guy Barry, the back-woodsmen!" uttered the maiden. "The torials have met him somewhere in the forest, and engaged his services. We cannot escape now! He will be sure to trace us!"

"Then listen to me a moment," began the refugee, quietly. "It is sufficiently manifest that I must submit to captivity, at last, but it does not naturally follow that you should share the same fate! If they find me here alone, they never will think of looking for a companion. There is no way in which you can assist me, as it is, but if you escape unsuspected, you may do so. Now what I propose is that you remove to the other side of this rock, and remain there. The bushes will screen you, and they will probably look here first, and, discovering me, will search no farther. Now, go—go—I implore you!"

He looked at her entreatingly. He would have said more, but the torials were almost there, and Lillian had no resource but to comply. Another moment, and she had wisely disappeared.

The pursuing party rode slowly up, and stopped at a short distance from the refugee. Guy Barry had dismounted, and was searching along upon the ground. At last he appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the result of his efforts, and proceeded directly to the clump of evergreens. Parting the thick, heavy branches with his hand, he caught a glimpse of our hero, and then called to his companions.

"I've caught your bird, Captain Lincoln; now secure him!"

The men came up, and Major Lynn drew his sword and confronted them.

"What is your business with me, gentlemen?" he asked, coolly.

"Only to lodge you in a little safer place than the last," was the captain's sneering reply. "You see we knew all about it! I think you must have had a very agreeable hostess, only it is a pity she should be obliged to let you out so easily. But in one thing, at least, she failed—she shouldn't have left you here to be taken so soon again."

"You have might on your side, but for all that, I will not listen to such language, Captain Lincoln. I never speak idly!"

"Well, I will not bandy words with you. Put up your sword! No good can come from resistance, and you may as well yield yourself quietly."

Major Lynn stood a moment buried in deep thought. He dared not risk a struggle, for Lillian's proximity might thus come out, so he said,

"Circumstances oblige me to surrender. The odds are against me, but rest assured I am no willing prisoner."

He gave his sword to the captain, and permit-

ted the men to bind him, apparently with calm indifference. He was then placed upon one of the horses, and then, much to his relief, the whole party started off at a rapid rate.

He supposed Lillian to have been entirely undiscovered, but in this he was mistaken. Guy Barry was by far too well versed in the knowledge of wood-craft not to feel assured, by the traces which he discovered, that two instead of only one person had passed there. Upon discovering the refugee, and making it known to his companions, he had, therefore, guided by signs imperceptible but to himself, worked his way unnoted to the other side of the rock, and come suddenly upon Lillian's place of concealment. The first impulse of the young girl had been to utter a cry of alarm, but on becoming aware who the intruder was, she beckoned him to her side.

"Do not betray me, Guy," she said, in a low, entreating tone. "It cannot be of any benefit to you, and would only do me harm. Go away, I beg of you, and never mention this meeting to a living being."

"You have always been kind to me, Miss Marston," said the man without hesitation, "and I shall not soon forget it. If my silence can possibly serve you, rest assured you will never be betrayed by me."

He turned away, and rejoined his companions, without his absence having been remarked. The whole party then proceeded in the direction of the residence of Mr. Durant, where they were met by the proprietor himself, who cordially pressed the torials to make his house their headquarters for the night. Captain Lincoln did not require much urging, but very readily consented, and, accordingly, the prisoner was bound, and left alone in the upper part of the building, while a reliable guard was stationed around the house, as it was thought the rebels in the neighborhood might possibly attempt a rescue.

"Union of souls—how sweet and pure—  
Companions for sterility!  
But such vile bondage to endure,  
Better a thousand times to die!"

Night, dreary and moonless, drew its sable curtain slowly over the earth. At first a few dim stars twinkled faintly, like distant watch-fires, in the heavens, but gradually even these faded, as leaden-based clouds gathered rapidly, very soon losing their identity in an extended bank, which still continued to increase in size and density, plainly betokening the storm which was gathering, and which would soon burst in all its fury overhead.

The hour of midnight came on apace. Apparently the entire household of Mr. Durant had



long before retired to rest, for the lights were out, and no sound broke the dreamy stillness of the atmosphere save the low sobbing of the wind, and the measured steps of the sentinels, as they took their accustomed rounds.

Suddenly the man stationed in front of the dwelling thought he detected a peculiar noise. He paused a moment in his walk, and listened intently. All was still again, but it seemed to him as if a shrub he had noticed a few rods off had moved, for it certainly was much nearer to him than he supposed. At first he appeared about to approach it, and then, muttering something to himself of his own foolishness, he resumed his accustomed round.

When he again arrived at the same spot, he looked for the bush. Thin time he knew it had changed its locality, for it was not half a dozen yards distant. Still he would not risk a false alarm, by firing into it, but instead, seized one of his pistols and approaching, bent over it. The moment he did so, a strong hand grasped his own, and another sought his throat. Before he had had even time to cry out, he was borne to the ground. A short but nearly silent struggle took place, and then a man arose and paced back and forth as before, but this time it was an altogether different person.

A similar scene took place in regard to the other sentinels, only neither of them was shrewd enough to detect anything at all unusual. A man then approached the house, and uttered a dismal cry in imitation of an owl, under one of the windows. It was immediately ruled, and a light scarf flittered in the wind, and fell to the ground. This appeared to be some sort of a signal, for the man again drew back into the shadow, where he remained.

Nearly half an hour elapsed, and two figures stealthily emerged from the shaded piazza. They were Major Lynn and Lillian Marston. Upon observing them, the man who stood waiting hastened forward.

"Ah, is it you, Redmond?" cried the officer, on recognizing him, cordially extending his hand. "A few hours ago I hardly anticipated the pleasure of another meeting on earth! It is to you, then, I am indebted for this!"

"Nay, sir, say rather to the courageous young lady by your side! It is she alone who deserves all the credit, and I am willing to accord it to her. To-day she came to our encampment, and informed us of your captivity and situation. Before, we had mourned you as dead. It was from her we gleaned the first knowledge of your whereabouts!"

The young man crossed his companion's hand.

"What do I owe to you, my friend!" he cried, with emotion. "Life—liberty—all! More than a lifetime of devotion can repay!"

A vivid red mounted to either cheek, as Lillian answered:

"We have a duty to perform for all our fellow-creatures! You overrate the little service I have done you, for, in that way, I merely accomplished mine!"

"At least it was a duty which called forth more self-sacrifice than many would have willingly endured. But how did you manage to accomplish so much in such a limited period?"

"I followed the party which captured you immediately to the house, and after learning everything possible in regard to your disposal, I departed for the American camp, and made its inmates acquainted with all the particulars. I found Mr. Redmond ready and willing to undertake your release, and we made our arrangements together. My part was to let Mr. Redmond know, at the proper hour, by a preconcerted signal, that all was safe within, and then conduct you here."

"And you have performed it nobly! But those sentinels—it is strange that they have not observed us. How did you pass them?"

"Have you not thought who they are, major? Only three of your own men! We surprised the Tories who occupied their place, and they are only on guard to prevent all suspicion. We might attack the Tories, now, while so unsuspecting of danger, but with our present number, it would be madness. The best course left for us is to depart as speedily as possible. Will you accompany us, Miss Marston? You surely have friends at a distance where you can stop. This will be no price for you after what has happened."

Lillian remained silent for some moments, and appeared to reflect deeply.

"I believe you are right," she said, at last. "I cannot remain here in security. I have an aunt who resides in New York. I will go to her."

Her companions expressed their satisfaction at her resolution, and the two hastened to leave the spot. Three days afterwards Miss Marston was left in security with her relatives, whither she had been escorted by Major Lynn. The gallant officer did not discontinue the acquaintance, here, but followed it up diligently, with what success may readily be inferred from the knowledge that two years from that time, when the war was at an end, and peace had been declared between America and England, he led the blushing girl to the altar, much to the disappointment of Captain Lincoln, who was obliged to see the country about the same time.

the spot, as the firelight plainly revealed them. He passed his hand across his forehead, and groaned audibly. Did he dream it? or was this really the spot which he well knew! a heap of charred embers at the edge of the forest, a lonely grave near by, and the lake and forest on either hand!

"What place is this?" he wildly exclaimed.

"I don't know exactly," one of the hunters replied; "but they say that the Indians surprised a settler here one night, a few years ago, and killed him and his family, and burned his cabin."

"The same—it is the same spot!" the hunted man exclaimed; and breaking away from the curious and awe-stricken group of hunters, he again looked round him in strange bewilderment. Then raising his clasped hands, he frantically cried:

"Not here, O merciful God—not here! The punishment is just—I acknowledge it; but let it not be here, upon the very spot where my bloodstained crime was committed! Not here, where I basely murdered her helpless babes, and where I tore poor, unhappy Edith away, to—"

His words were cut short by the sharp report of a rifle; and at the instant, the speaker fell forward upon his face. The hunters raised him up, he gave a single moan, and all was over. A bullet-hole in the centre of his forehead told the manner of his death.

The dip of a paddle upon the lake aroused the stoppered witnesses of this tragic scene; and seizing their rifles, they gazed out upon the water. The moon, which had been until now obscured by clouds, suddenly shone out bright and clear; and by its light, they were able to detect the figure of a man, seated in a canoe, rapidly urging it across the lake, away from them. The contents of a dozen rifles were instantly sent after him; but although some of the balls struck the canoe, and even the paddle in his hands, the unknown escaped unhurt. He passed away from their sight, nor did they ever see him again. His act of this night had concluded the tragedy, known to hundreds of the subsequent settlers of the vicinity, as *MATACODA'S REVENGE*!

#### THE EARTH.

Uncertain earth! why dost not mortals cease  
To build their hopes upon so short a lease?  
Uncertain lease, whose term but once begun,  
Tells never when it ends till it be done;  
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why,  
And while we but prepare to live, we die;  
We spring like flowers for a day's delight,  
At noon we flourish, and we fade at night;  
We toil for kingdoms, conquer crowns, and then  
We that were gods, but now, now less than men.  
If wisdom, learning, knowledge cannot dwell  
Secure from change, vain bubble earth, farewell!  
JACQUES QUAILLES.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MAUD.

BY ROBERT A. JENNINGS.

She was a wild, elfin-like child, with great, restless black eyes, and long tangled hair of the same dark shade. Her peculiar appearance might alone have drawn my attention to her, as she sat there upon the grass by the side of the hedge; but, in addition to this, when my eyes first rested upon her, she was sobbing violently. Reining my horse up, close by, I asked, with as much kindness as I could throw into my voice:

"Why do you cry, my child? What is the matter?"

She sprang up in evident fear; but discovering a stranger in her inquirer, she stood irresolute, looking at me with excited curiosity, while the tears were still upon her cheek. I repeated the question; and a fresh burst of passionate tears first answered it.

"It is because they beat me so!" she exclaimed, in a voice of singular earnestness; and she shook her tiny fist towards a low hut near by. "O, I do hate them: I will always hate them!"

"What is your name?" I asked, and she gave it, unhesitatingly.

"And who are they that beat you, little Maud—your parents?"

"No—I haven't any; none but old Giles and his wife, and I know they're not my parents. But I won't be whipped so," and her wild face grew almost wicked in the intensity of its angry resolution. "I'm not bad; I try to be good; but they beat me because it pleases them; and they've done it for the last time! I'll never go into the hut again as long as I live!"

"Where, then, will you stay, to-night? Don't you see how black the clouds are, Maud—and hark, how it thunders! You can't stay out in the storm!"

"But I will, if I must; and I'd rather a thousand times, than go back to the hut!"

The appearance and manner of the child—for she was scarcely more than thirteen—so interested me, that I would gladly have prolonged the interview, had not the indications of which I had just spoken become so threatening as to forbid my longer tarrying. Gathering up my reins, I said:

"No, Maud, don't run away; it would be wrong, I am afraid. Go back to old Giles, and be and his wife will treat you better."

"They won't—you don't know them as I do!" was her impetuous reply.

"Well, try them once more, and see; and if

they beat you again, come over to the lodge, and I will do something for you. You know where it is!" She needed assent.

"Good-by thea, Maud!"

"Good-by, sir!"

Galloping swiftly from the spot, curiosity led me to take a backward glance, when some distance away. The child was still standing where I had left her, her tattered dress streaming in the wind, and herself looking irresolutely after me.

My distance was barely saved, by sharp riding; hardly was I within doors, at home, when the rain came down in torrents, and continued to pour, as the night came on. Caring little for it, however, now that I was safely sheltered, and my solitary evening meal being disposed of, I prepared myself for an hour of bachelor abandonment. A cheerful fire was already burning in the library grate; and donning my dressing-gown, and shading the lamp, I threw myself into a luxurious easy-chair, and commenced to think. My thoughts, of course, could be of but one subject—my approaching marriage. Pleasant thoughts, they were, too, as such usually are; and I diversified them by studying, for the hundredth time, a faithful miniature of Marian, which was now my constant companion. And then I might have sat for hours, without a thought of my little afternoon's adventure recurring to me, had not the noise of an angry altercation in the servant's room, followed by the abrupt entry of Maud herself, closely pursued by the domestic, suddenly reminded me of it.

"She says she *will* come in," the latter exclaimed, apologetically, "although I told her she shouldn't. Lord ha' mercy—what should a mean beggar like her—"

I saw from the indignant snap of Maud's eye, that an explosion might be expected; so bidding the servant withdraw, I pointed a stool to the strange girl, and bade her sit by the fire, and dry her clothes, which were streaming with the rain. She did so, drawing timidly to my knee, as if still afraid of something.

"Now tell me, Maud," I said, "why you have ventured out on such a stormy night. My poor child, have you been abused again?"

"Yes," was her quivering answer, "they beat me like a dog; and all because I told you they had done so before! I'll die now, sooner than go back; and I don't much care what becomes of me!"

I looked thoughtfully into the wonderfully expressive face of the child, not beautiful, certainly, but strangely interesting, and I conceived a sudden idea, which some impulse led me instantly to adopt.

"Maud," I said, stroking her wet black hair, as it fell over my knee, "would you like to live with me?" Her eyes dilated, first with wonder, and then with delight; and she replied:

"What—in this great, fine house—*here*, with you? O, sir, do you really mean it?"

"Most certainly I do. But do as you please; if you think you can like old Giles for a master better than me, you can go back to-morrow."

Looking up into my face, the simply said, "No—I like you; I will stay here!" And in a moment more, worn out by fatigue and grief, she was fast asleep on the cog at my feet. Summoning the housekeeper, I directed her to take charge of the little waif, and provide a suitable wardrobe for her as speedily as possible; and then, when I was again alone, I indulged in a comical smile at the result of my adventure. I, Stanley Malgrave, a bachelor of eight and twenty, suddenly favored with—what should I say?—an adopted child? Laughing heartily at the conceit, I dismissed the master wholly from my mind, and again occupied myself with the picture.

And thus Maud and I became of the same household. Her transformation, under the skillful hands of the housekeeper, was so complete, that my interest in her was heightened, and I now determined to faithfully fulfil the trust I had thus undertaken. At an early day, I took occasion to visit the hat of the morose old Giles and his wife, and purchase their consent to Maud's transfer, which was easily done. Of her origin or parentage, I could learn nothing; and nothing else, in fact, except that they had taken her from a foundling hospital, when quite young.

I must confess that it was as a pastime for myself, more than a benefit to her, that I undertook her instruction; but such was her eagerness for knowledge, and her aptness to learn, that the employment soon became a source of profit to myself, as well as her. She seemed, too, to have a wonderful intuition, and a mind far beyond her years; while her childish affection for me was almost devotional in its measure. My requirements were obeyed implicitly, and without question; and she never seemed so happy, as when sitting on her ottoman, near me, engaged in studying the tasks which I gave her. A remarkable change was taking place in her character; all of her wild, natural impulsiveness still remained, but it was being tempered by that harmony of mind which is rightly the affect of culture. And I watched her progress with daily increasing interest.

Maud, however, was but a secondary object in my thoughts; although by her assistance, I had

at least beguiled away the time which I feared would hang too heavily between me and the day of my bridal. My plans had been laid so that none of the servants knew of the approach of the letter event; and even Maud, as I bade her good by for a few days, was entirely innocent of the least knowledge of it.

"What—crying, Maud?" I cheerfully exclaimed. "What is the matter now?"

"I'm not crying," she answered, wiping the great drops from her eyes, "but I am so lonely when you are gone; I do like to be near you!"

There is no heart which cannot be in some degree stirred by the confession of that affection which acknowledges in its possessor the kind benefactor and protector; and mine involuntarily swelled within me, as I waved an adieu to my little wail, as she stood in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun, and looking sorrowfully at me. And I resolved, in the moment, that when I returned, Maud should have another and a gentler friend than I.

As the carriage passed rapidly onward toward the lodge, upon the afternoon of the third day following my departure, I pointed out successively to Marian the various features of the landscape with which I was myself most pleased; and while her eyes followed the direction of my finger, mine were constantly fixed upon her face—as impassive now, in its stero, proud beauty, as when I first saw it. Yet she was now my bride; and I gloried in winning one so queenly, to rejoice the home to which I was bearing her.

The lodge was soon reached, and I led Marian into the drawing-room. Maud was there, practising upon a guitar I had given her. She started up with a cry of pleasure, as she saw me, but hesitated as she noticed my wife. The latter looked inquiringly at me, and I hastened to say:

"This is Maud, little Maud, my protegee. And this, Maud, is my wife; you will love her for her own sake, as well as for mine!"

"You never told me of this, Stanley," Marian said, a look of displeasure darkening her face. Before I could reply, I was startled at the expression which the face of the child had assumed. It was pale, and absolutely painful in its look of scrutiny, as she bent her keen eyes upon the face of Marian, who regarded her with one of anger and contempt; until, shrinking to my side, Maud looked up into my face, and tremblingly exclaimed:

"This, Mr. Malgrave—this your wife? This woman does not love you! I know it; and I am sure I could never love her!"

"Maud!" I angrily exclaimed. It was the

first stern word she had ever received from me, and it melted her in an instant. Seizing my hand, she covered it with tears and kisses, and then abruptly left the room.

The strange conduct of the child puzzled and annoyed me; and I followed her to her chamber. There I found her, lying upon her bed, and sobbing bitterly.

"Maud!"

She looked up, as I softly uttered her name; and seeing me, her tears broke forth afresh. Astonished beyond measure, I sat down by the bed, and talked to her, long and tenderly. She listened in silence, until I spoke of Marian, my wife, and again besought her to love her, at least for my sake; when she interrupted, with all the bitter vehemence that had attracted my attention when I first met her by the lodge, and exclaimed:

"But I don't and can't love her! She is a cold, heartless woman, and loves neither you nor me! Nobody can love you as well as I do!"

I started to my feet in surprise; Maud, the strange, elf-like child, had betrayed the secret which her childish heart had treasured up from the day of our first meeting; and now, blushing, terrified at her abrupt revelation, she had hidden her face in the pillow. Maud, myself, at this unexpected discovery, which accounted for much in her conduct that had hitherto been an enigma, I told her, in a trembling voice, that she should always live with me, and be a sister to me; and she, bursting afresh into tears, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me.

"You are my brother, and my benefactor!" she murmured. "Forgive me, dear Mr. Malgrave, for my folly; but I do love you—you are so kind and good!"

For several days after this, I saw very little of Maud; merely catching a glimpse of her, now and then, as she flitted about the house, like an uneasy spirit. But I could not ignore the fact, that she studiously avoided Marian, and seemed even more averse to her, than upon their first singular interview.

It was at this time, that we received a visitor at the lodge—Gay Montgomery, an old school-friend of my own, who had come at my invitation, to spend a few weeks. He was a gay, reckless fellow, a perfect man of the world, elegant in his person and address. His presence seemed to double the happiness of our life at the lodge, which Marian had already more than once complained of, as tame and spiritless. And I was gratified to discover that she found a congenial companion in Gay; for nothing which afforded her the slightest pleasure was objectionable to me. Therefore I experienced a real pleasure in